image
BRIT
10
$2.99
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TAKOGA ISLAND.
EXTEND THE SEARCH GRID ANOTHER 100 MILES. I WANT UPDATES EVERY TEN.
THIS AREA WAS SUPPOSED TO BE UNDER PASSIVE SURVEILLANCE.
BLOOP
PULL THE SPYNET RECORDS. I WANT THEM IN HAND YESTERDAY.
REPORT, AGENT LOAK.
NOTHING. THE LAB WAS COMPLETELY DESTROYED. THE LAVA'S QUIET. YOUR ORDERS?
WE HAVE FOUR MISSING AGENTS. THIS WAS THEIR LAST KNOWN LOCATION. UNTIL I SEE BRIT, BRITNEY, FERGUSON AND MS. POPPER, THE SEARCH DOES NOT STOP.
THEY'RE SOMEWHERE AND WE WILL FIND THEM.

ANOTHER EARTH
Sausage King
WHERE ARE WE?
Chasers
Moon Pies
OH, GOD!
Stan's
Previously
Coffins
WHERE?! WHERE ARE WE?!
IT'S A MISTAKE. I DIDN'T MEAN TO BRING US HERE.
BEARDMAN'S
REGAL LEGA
OUTPatient
EMPORIUM

YOU BROUGHT US BACK TO OUR WORLD. ALL OF US.
RECENTLY I'VE GOTTEN STRONGER.
SUPER plumbers bros.
mahnke car care center
door
FUNNY YOU NEVER MENTIONED THAT.
I WASN'T GIVING YOU ANOTHER HOOK INTO ME.
I NEED TO GO BACK, NOW! MY SON IS MISSING-- YOU NEED TO TAKE ME BACK IMMEDIATELY. I CAN'T BE HERE.
I'LL NEED TO REST.
WHAT ABOUT DONALD?
IF THE EMPEROR WANTED DONALD DEAD, HE WOULD'VE CRUSHED HIS SKULL WHEN HE HAD AN AUDIENCE. YOU STAY HERE AND GET THINGS STARTED. I'LL BE BACK, BUT RIGHT NOW...I CAN'T LEAVE MY SON.
WE CAN TALK WHEN WE GET UNDERGROUND. WE HAVE INCOMING.

BREET
BREET
MINDSCREW.
SKRACT!
I GOT IT!
IT MIGHT HAVE ALERTED A SWARM. WE CAN'T OUTRUN THEM, NOT ALL OF US. CAN YOU TAKE US UNDERGROUND?
I'M SPENT, BUT I CAN TRY.
DO I EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHAT WE'RE RUNNING FROM?
MINDSCREWS. MIND CONTROL UNITS. THEY INJECT THEMSELVES INTO YOUR NECK AND TRANSMIT PACIFICATION BROADCASTS INTO YOUR BRAIN. THE EMPEROR USES THEM TO KEEP US SAFE AND KEEP US IN LINE.
IT DID INDEED ALERT A SWARM.
OH, MAN.

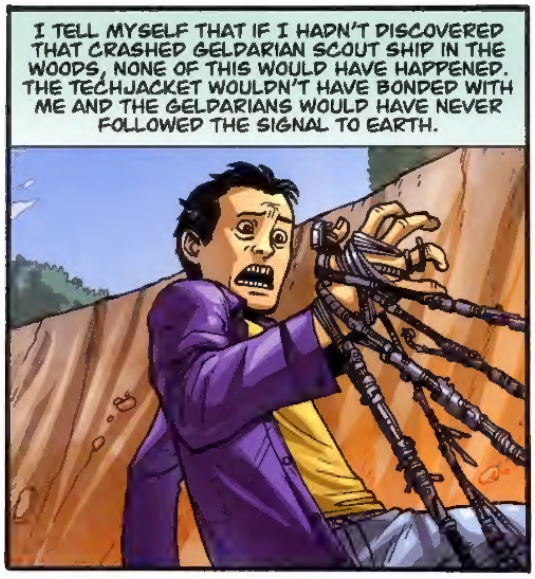
IT'S OKAY. I BROUGHT THE MOTHER OF ALL BUG ZAPPERS. BECKY, YOU READY?
BRITNEY, GET CLOSE. WE'RE OUT OF HERE.
DON'T SWEAT IT. BECKY'S GOT ME COVERED.
BECKY?
CRAP!
CRAP!
CRAP!
MOVE YOUR ASS!
AGHH!
SPRITZ!
BRITNEY!
POP!

POP!
RESIST

WELCOME TO UNDERGROUND.

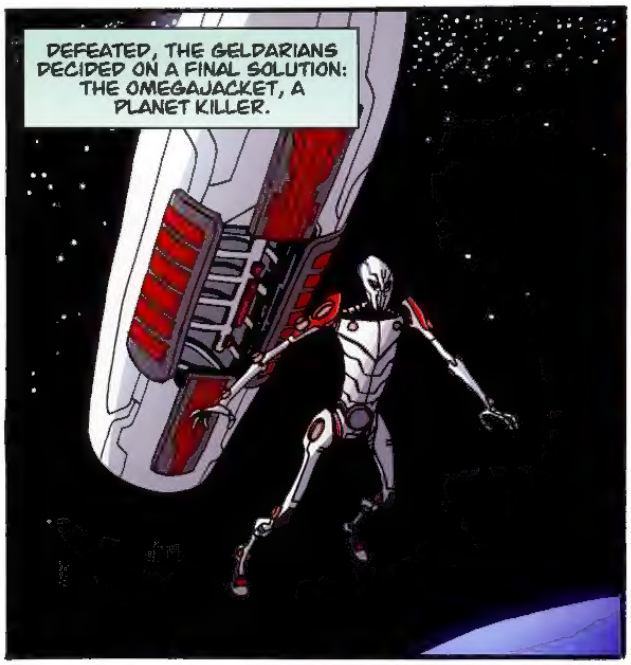
YOU HAVE TO HELP HER.

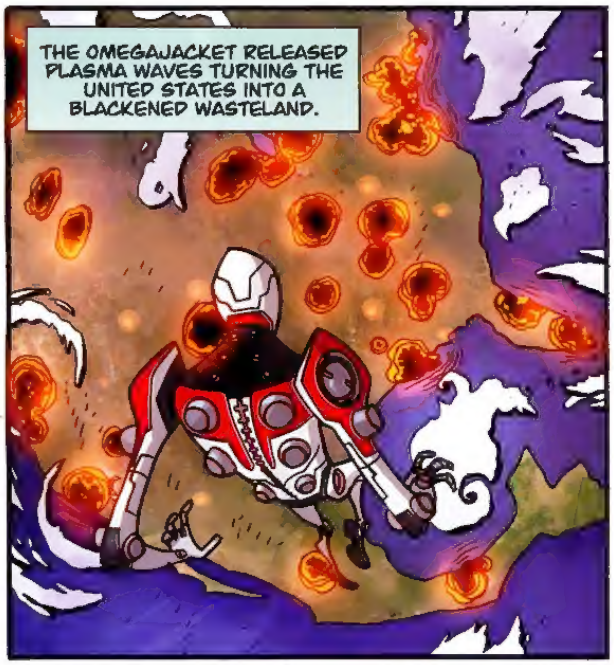
HOSPITAL
WILL THEY BE OKAY?
MS. POPPER IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS. YOUR SISTER...WE CAN ONLY TRY TO KEEP THE MINDSCREW FROM TRANSMITTING. THEY'RE DANGEROUS TO REMOVE.
ARE YOU OKAY?
I'M TOUGHER THAN YOU REMEMBER. WITH TIME I CAN REGROW THE ARM. I WANT TO SAY... I'M SORRY.
NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT MY SON UNTIL POPPER WAKES UP, SO I'M LESS INTERESTED IN AN APOLOGY THAN GETTING SOME ANSWERS.
ALL OF THIS IS MY FAULT.
ZACK, STOP.
I DISABLED THE TRACKER, BUT THE MINDSCREW IS STILL RECEIVING PACIFICATION BROADCASTS. REMOVING IT WOULD KILL HER.
MY SISTER HAS SOME KIND OF GOD DAMN RADIO ANTENNA POKING OUT OF HER NECK. I THINK SOMEONE NEEDS TO START TALKING.

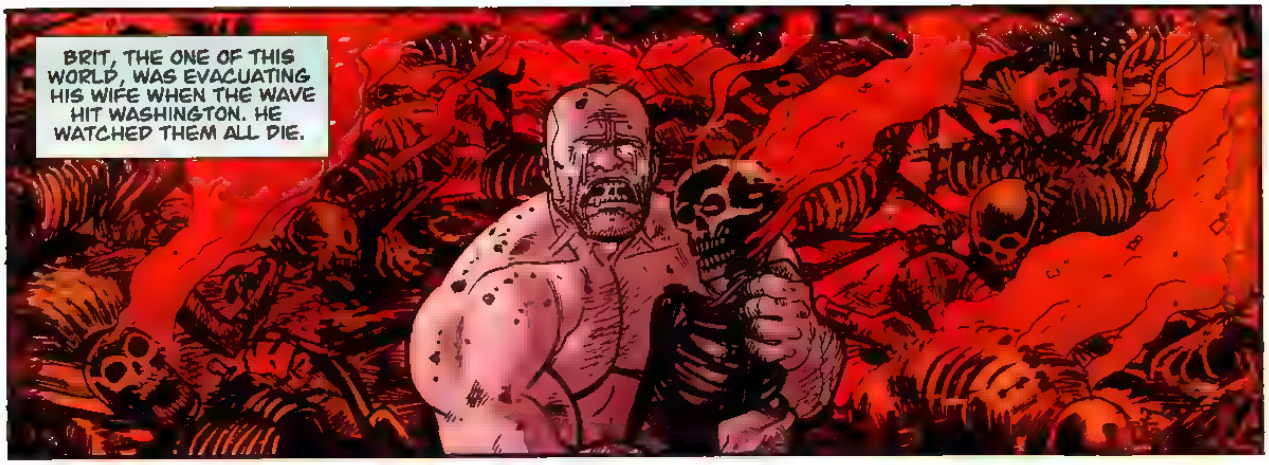

I TELL MYSELF THAT IF I HADN'T DISCOVERED THAT CRASHED GELDARIAN SCOUT SHIP IN THE WOODS, NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED. THE TECHJACKET WOULDN'T HAVE BONDED WITH ME AND THE GELDARIANS WOULD HAVE NEVER FOLLOWED THE SIGNAL TO EARTH.

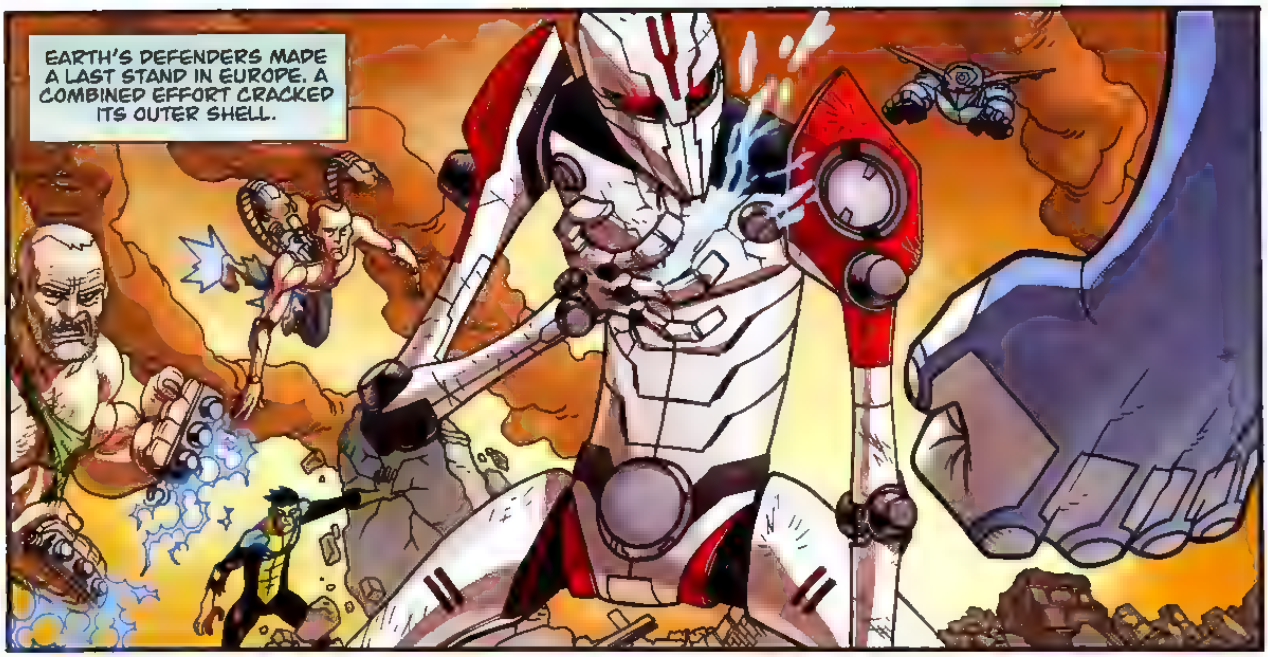
THE GELDARIANS WERE A VICIOUS RACE OF CONQUERORS. ONCE THEY DISCOVERED THE EARTH THEY INVADED.

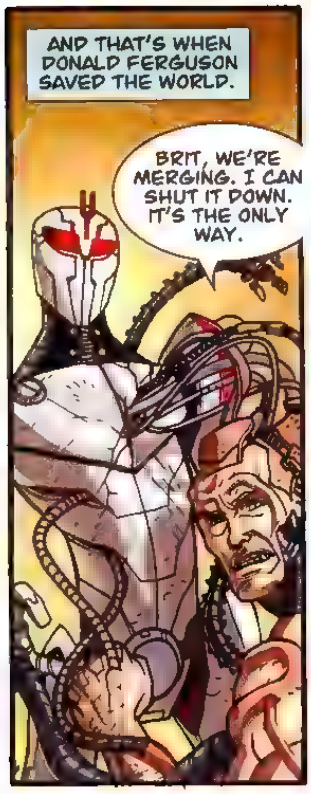
WE FOUGHT AND BEAT THEM BACK, BUT THE COSTS WERE HIGH.

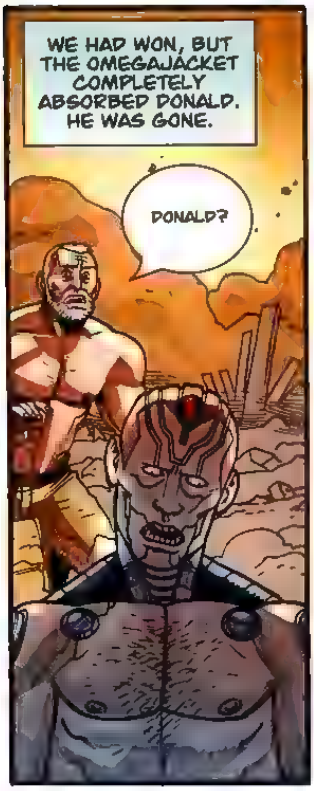

DEFEATED, THE GELDARIANS DECIDED ON A FINAL SOLUTION: THE OMEGAJACKET, A PLANET KILLER.

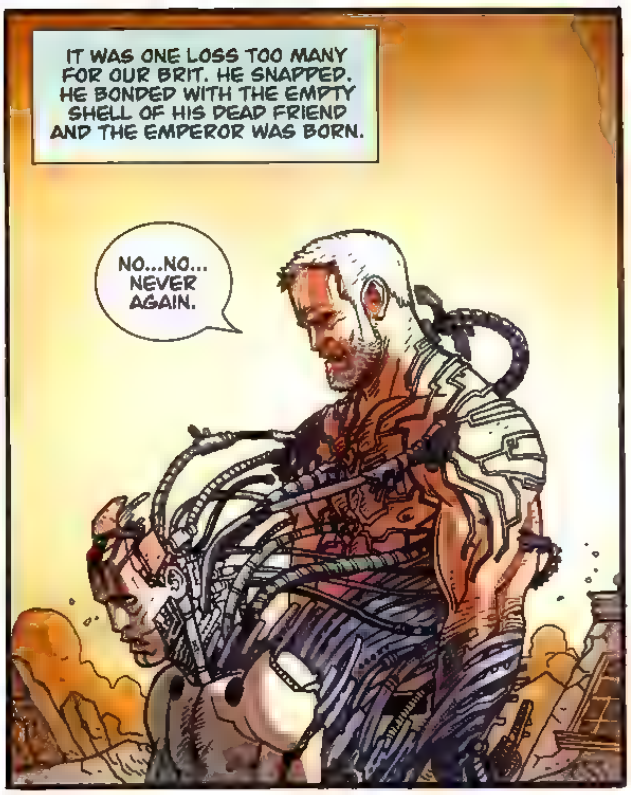

THE OMEGAJACKET RELEASED PLASMA WAVES TURNING THE UNITED STATES INTO A BLACKENED WASTELAND.


BRIT, THE ONE OF THIS WORLD, WAS EVACUATING HIS WIFE WHEN THE WAVE HIT WASHINGTON. HE WATCHED THEM ALL DIE.


EARTH'S DEFENDERS MADE A LAST STAND IN EUROPE. A COMBINED EFFORT CRACKED ITS OUTER SHELL.


AND THAT'S WHEN DONALD FERGUSON SAVED THE WORLD.
BRIT, WE'RE MERGING. I CAN SHUT IT DOWN. IT'S THE ONLY WAY.


WE HAD WON, BUT THE OMEGAJACKET COMPLETELY ABSORBED DONALD. HE WAS GONE.
DONALD?


IT WAS ONE LOSS TOO MANY FOR OUR BRIT. HE SNAPPED. HE BONDED WITH THE EMPTY SHELL OF HIS DEAD FRIEND AND THE EMPEROR WAS BORN.
NO...NO... NEVER AGAIN.

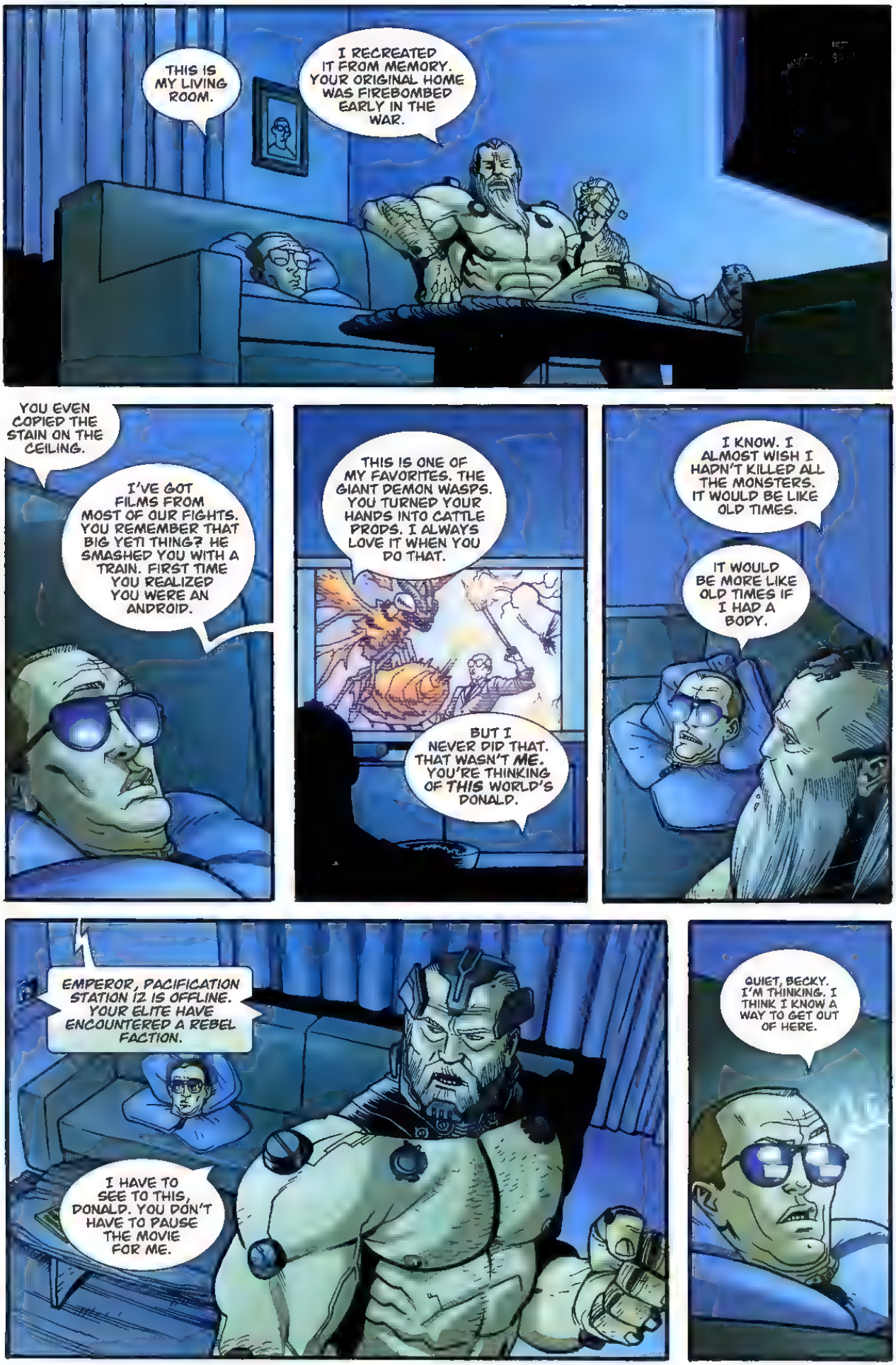
HE LEFT THE PLANET AND EXTERMINATED THE GELDARIAN RACE. WHEN HE RETURNED HE STARTED REBUILDING THE SHATTERED PLANET UNDER HIS RULE. HIS PROTECTION.
WAIT A MINUTE-- I'M THE EMPEROR? THIS WORLD'S BRIT?
YES.
HE'S WRONG ABOUT ONE THING. I DON'T THINK DONALD'S DEAD. I THINK HE'S DORMANT IN THE OMEGA JACKET.
THE EMPEROR TOOK MY ARM AND A GELDARIAN INTERFACE. WE THINK YOUR DONALD IS SIMILAR ENOUGH TO ACCESS THE MERGED OMEGAJACKET AND REAWAKEN OUR DONALD.
WHAT IF THE OMEGAJACKET ABSORBS DONALD AGAIN INSTEAD OF WAKING DONALD UP?
IT'S A RISK.
WE NEED YOUR HELP. YOU'RE *HIM*--IN A SENSE. YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO WALK INTO THE EMPEROR'S PALACE. IF WE CAN RETRIEVE DONALD WE HAVE A CHANCE, FOR YOUR SISTER, FOR ALL OF US.
MY SISTER, MY SON, DONALD. NO MATTER WHAT I DO I FEEL LIKE I BETRAY SOMEONE. NO MATTER WHAT CHOICE I MAKE, SOMEONE SUFFERS... FOR NOW, WE GO AFTER DONALD.
GATHER THE OTHERS. I KNOW THE TUNNELS UNDER THE PALACE, BUT WE'LL NEED A DIVERSION.
WE COULD TAKE OUT A PACIFICATION BROADCAST STATION.
WE'VE HIT THEM IN THE PAST. IT WOULD KNOCK THE MINDSCREWS OUT OF THE AIR AND DRAW IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.
SOUNDS LIKE FUN. I'M COMING WITH YOU.
YOU SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO STAND, MUCH LESS HAVE A VIOLENT THOUGHT.
BRITNEY WAS BUILT FOR AGGRESSION.
I WANT TO MOVE QUICKLY WHILE THE EMPEROR STILL ASSUMES WE'RE DEAD. SURPRISE IS ONE OF THE FEW ADVANTAGES WE HAVE. BE READY TO MOVE OUT WITHIN THE HOUR.

THE PALACE
WE'RE GOOD FOR NOW, CECIL. YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT SOMETHING?
DUDE, NO STOMACH.
WHAT'S THAT ON HIS NECK?
KEEPS THE HELP FROM SPITTING IN THE FOOD.
EGGS & SAUSAGE
COFFEE & A ROLL
REMEMBER THIS PLACE? WE HAD OUR BEST GREASY MEALS HERE.
YEAH, I MISSED IT.
SO YOU REBUILT IT IN YOUR PALACE?
IT'S KINDA STRANGE THOUGH. I KEEP LOOKING OUT EXPECTING TO SEE SIDEWALK AND TRAFFIC.
I LIKE THE VIEW. EVERYTHING SEEMS FAR AWAY.
YOU WANT TO WATCH A MOVIE?
OKAY.

PACIFICATION STATION 12
PS-12
YOU'D THINK WE'D HAVE THEIR ATTENTION BY NOW.
KEEP PUSHING. TEAR IT ALL--
ARRGG!!
BOOM!
EAT IT, LOSER.
HEX SPLODE, ATOM SHIVA, AND MONSTROUS GIRL ARE ON THE JOB!
SAVE A PUNCHING BAG FOR ME, HON'.

WE'RE ENGAGING THE EMPEROR'S ELITE.
THE JERK WHO STOLE MY GIRLFRIEND IS MINE.
VIOLENCE NEVER SOLVES ANYTHING.
SHUT UP.
SIC 'EM, PET, AND BRING ME A PIECE.
BEFORE WE START KILLIN'. GIVE ME SOME SUGAR, BABY.
GRAAAARRR!
ROOOARGH!!
BRING IT!
FOOM!

WE'RE ENGAGING THE EMPEROR'S ELITE.
GOOD LUCK.
WHEN THE ELITE ARRIVE, THE EMPEROR FOLLOWS. PALACE ACCESS SHOULD BE FIFTY FEET TO THE LEFT. WE HAVEN'T TRIPPED SECURITY SO IT LOOKS LIKE THE SCANS ARE RECOGNIZING YOU.
CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING? DID YOU DIVORCE THIS WORLD'S BRIT?
GOD, YES! YEARS BEFORE THE WAR.
DID YOU REMARRY?
THE WAR?
YES. I LOST MY HUSBAND AND MY SON IN THE WAR.
AGAINST THE GELDARIANS.
DID THE EMPEROR AND YOUR HUSBAND EVER... MEET?
NO. NO OFFENSE, BRIT WAS AN ASS WHEN I MARRIED HIM AND HE NEVER CHANGED. WHEN I LEFT HIM, I STAYED FAR AWAY.
I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FAMILY.
DON'T BE. THEY DIED DEFENDING EARTH. AND I'M DEFENDING THEIR SACRIFICE. I WON'T LET THE EMPEROR MAKE IT MEANINGLESS.
NOW, WE CLIMB.


THIS IS MY LIVING ROOM.
I RECREATED IT FROM MEMORY. YOUR ORIGINAL HOME WAS FIREBOMBED EARLY IN THE WAR.
YOU EVEN COPIED THE STAIN ON THE CEILING.
I'VE GOT FILMS FROM MOST OF OUR FIGHTS. YOU REMEMBER THAT BIG YETI THING? HE SMASHED YOU WITH A TRAIN. FIRST TIME YOU REALIZED YOU WERE AN ANDROID.
THIS IS ONE OF MY FAVORITES. THE GIANT DEMON WASPS. YOU TURNED YOUR HANDS INTO CATTLE PRODS. I ALWAYS LOVE IT WHEN YOU DO THAT.
BUT I NEVER DID THAT. THAT WASN'T ME. YOU'RE THINKING OF THIS WORLD'S DONALD.
I KNOW. I ALMOST WISH I HADN'T KILLED ALL THE MONSTERS. IT WOULD BE LIKE OLD TIMES.
IT WOULD BE MORE LIKE OLD TIMES IF I HAD A BODY.
EMPEROR, PACIFICATION STATION 12 IS OFFLINE. YOUR ELITE HAVE ENCOUNTERED A REBEL FACTION.
I HAVE TO SEE TO THIS, DONALD. YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAUSE THE MOVIE FOR ME.
QUIET, BECKY. I'M THINKING. I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE.

YOU'VE HAD THIS COMING FOR YEARS!
WHOP!
BABY?! OH, GOD!
YOU ARE ALL SO DEAD NOW!
WRAMM!
THAT'S IT FOR THE DRAMA QUEEN.
THAT MAKES THREE. NO THANKS TO THE PACIFIED SISTER.
I'VE NEVER HAD TO WORK TO BE ANGRY. IT'S EXHAUSTING.

FOOLISH.
VOPP!
THIS IS WHY YOU NEVER LEAVE THINGS TO TEENAGERS.
DEAR SISTER, IS THAT A MINDSCREW YOU'RE WEARING? WONDERFUL.
OVERRIDE CONTROL. BRITNEY, PLEASE KILL THE WOLF-MAN.
CRUD!
WROKK!
I CAN'T STOP.

ALL OF YOU KEEP SURVIVING, LIKE COCKROACHES. AND WHERE ARE MY EX-WIFE AND MY PALE IMITATION?
OH, OF COURSE. IF I STOPPED TO THINK IT WOULD'VE BEEN OBVIOUS...
YOU'RE JUST WINDOW DRESSING.
SLAM!
WAIT!
WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!
WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED HERE, WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE PALACE.
SOMEONE PLEASE HELP ME STOP.
WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

THIS PLACE IS A MAZE.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE?
WHEN HE FIRST BUILT THIS PLACE I LIVED HERE. HE KEEPS EVERYONE HE KNEW BEFORE THE WAR CLOSE. I HAVE A GOOD IDEA WHERE HE'D KEEP DONALD.
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING.
IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME--BUT MY MECHANICAL SPIDER-LEGS ARE SHORTED OUT. THIS IS VERY EMBARRASSING.
SORRY ABOUT THE WHOLE TRYING TO ESCAPE THING. I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND.
HEY DONALD, WHAT'S UP?
BRIT? IT'S YOU, NOT HIM! THANK GOD. WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE.
I AGREE. NOW.
IS THAT SUSAN?
WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR MINE.
LONG STORY.
BOOM!

THIS IS HOW IT ENDS.
GIVE ME DONALD'S HEAD OR DIE.
IF YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE HIM.
GO FOR IT!
MAESTRO
MALT LIQUOR

THE LADIES ROOM

Send your letters to: P.O. Box 1870, Richmond, KY 40476
-or- email: Brit@funkotron.com

Welcome to Brit issue 10. Things are finally kicking into high gear on this alternate dimension arc, huh? Nate and FCO are just doing a bang up job on the art for this book aren't they? That Bruce Brown is a hell of a writer, am I right?

Well... this letters column isn't about any of that. It's barely even about Brit.

This letters column is going to be very special... this letters column is an intervention or sorts... for a certain letter-writer who seems to read and write letters to all my books, he's beloved by all--especially me.

Say what you will of Andrew Shaw... but his letters are always entertaining.

Now I'm trying to give back to the man... to help him. Here's his most recent letter.

Dear Bruce 'n you-know-who,

I don't get it! I mean this, my first issue of Brit ever, was all over the place. The art was okay, but...a villain named The Emperor?! How could you be so naive to do such a big rip-off?! Brit...? I don't get him either. He doesn't have funky green skin, or rocky skin, original powers, or a unique personality--Any of the things that might allow him to get away with wearing just street clothes all the time. Brit is one Image comic that's not on fire, and that's not for me. I think if The Kirkman thought anything of his creation he might've actually written it himself anyway--I mean who's Bruce Brown? Andy Kuhn is the man, though. I think you need a whole new start, in every way. Or at least a chest symbol for Brit.

Sincerely,
Andrew J. Shaw

First, I'll just address this letter... The Emperor I assume you're referring to is Emperor Palpatine of Star Wars fame, correct? Insinuating that we copies from that? Well... uh... that guy was just "The Emperor" or the Galactic Empire... "The Emperor" wasn't his name. We could just have easily lifted this from any "Emperor" in real life. That's like saying mentioning someone is a KING in a story is ripping off Elvis.

It's ABSURD.

On the flip-side--your criticism of Brit himself is spot on. It's just not very commercial to have a superhero that is an old dude in a sweater. There's just not a cool visual to hang your hat on, you know. That's... well... all my fault. I wanted him to be kind of a bruiser inhabiting a superhero world. I wasn't really considering the commercial appeal of his visuals. It's a real problem... one of the many things that have lead me to consider ending this series (more on that next issue... but don't worry, it's not all bad news, I promise!).

So yeah... you're actually a great letter writer, I actually look forward to hearing your thoughts on every issue.

But here's the real thing. You don't "get" the issue... it was "all over the place." These are comments I seem to hear a lot from you.

You complain that you don't know who anyone is.

You don't know their names.

You don't know their backstory.

You don't know why someone does something.

You don't know where a character came from.

You don't know why a certain thing happened.

You are constantly complaining about just not understanding the stories. You say I don't mention people's names in issues where I actually DO mention the names... and you seem to miss a lot of nuance to the stories. You seem to have a lot of trouble following along... and my comics really aren't all that complicated.

But you don't seem unintelligent... it's not like you can't comprehend the stories, I don't think that's it at all.

I think you're just reading the comics too fast, I mean--that's gotta be it. Are you just blazing through these things?

You should take time to look at the art AND read the words... if you're just plowing through... only reading the words, you miss half of the comic. But more importantly you deny yourself the full experience of reading a comic, which is a unique and rewarding experience that I find more appealing than all forms of entertainment.

This is an artform, not a race... and these things are expensive. You owe it to yourself to take your time, make the most of the experience... and enjoy yourself.

What I'm getting at, is that you just don't seem to be enjoying yourself very much... and you're spending a lot of money. That's no fun for anybody... so please, Andrew, take a step back and rethink this whole thing. I think you might be able to enjoy these books a whole lot more... if you just give it a shot.

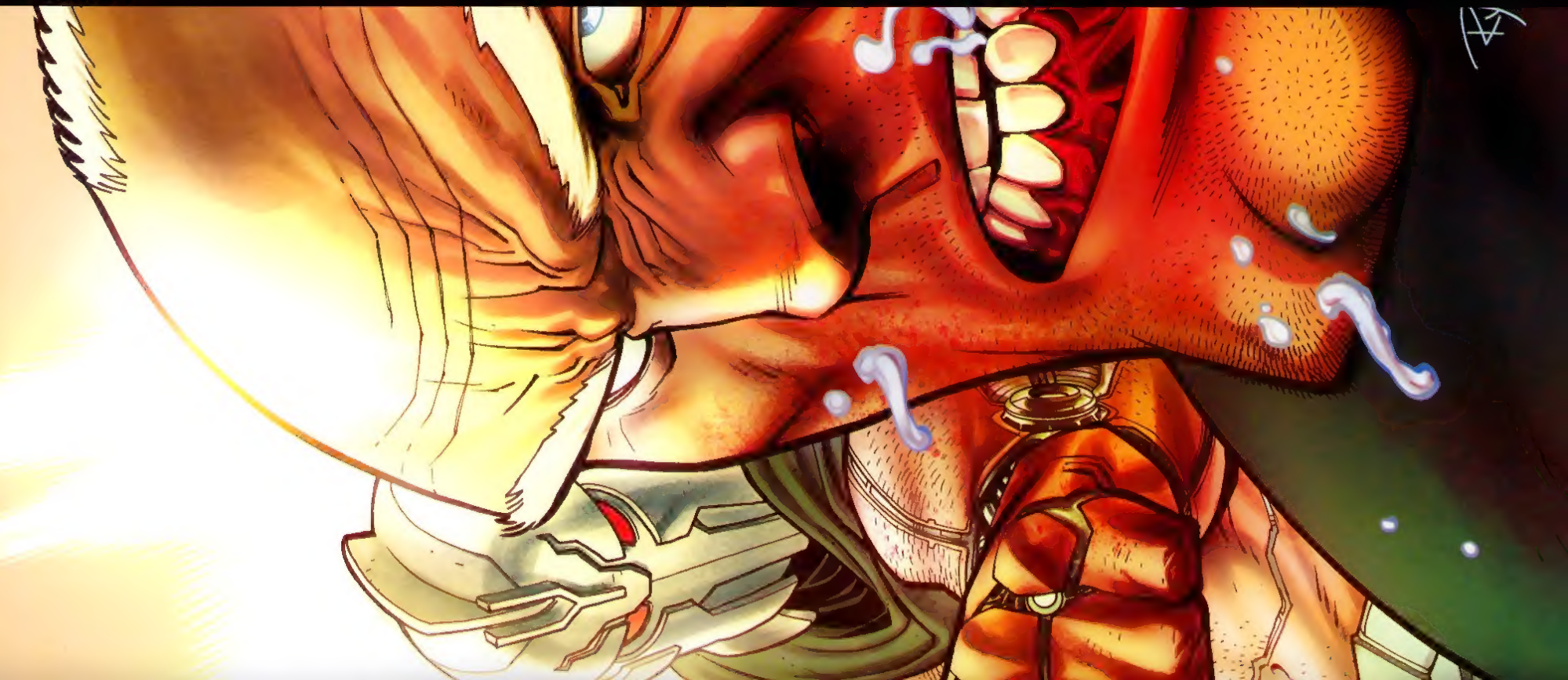
Let me know how it goes...

I'll see all you kids back here next month... for big Brit news--don't miss out!!

-Robert Kirkman

NEXT ISSUE

With the rest of the heroes down for the count, the fate of Other Earth rests on the shoulders of one man! It's Brit vs. The Emperor. Winner takes all, loser, y'know... dies. This one is not to be missed, folks!



ZONE

MINUTEMEN